

# The Home Department

Conducted by Helen M. M. M.

## "Mother to Child"

Is there no way my life can save  
thine own a pain?  
Is the love of a mother no possible  
gain?  
No labor of Hercules—search for the  
grail—  
No way for this wonderful to avail?  
God in Heaven, O, teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the  
pain thou must bear.  
Is the pain of the world's life which  
thy life must share.  
Thou art one with the world—  
though  
I love thee the best,  
And to save thee from pain, I must  
save all the rest.  
With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must  
love thee in them!  
Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy  
mother must stem  
The sin of the world. Thou wilt  
weep, and thy mother must dry  
The tears of the world lest her dar-  
ling should cry.  
I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone. I will gather  
a band  
Of all loving mothers from land unto  
land;  
Our children are part of the world—  
do you hear?  
They are one with the world; we  
must hold them all dear.  
Love all for our child's sake.

For the sake of my own, I must  
hasten to save  
All the children of earth from the  
fall and the grave;  
For so, and so only, I lighten the  
share  
Of the pain of the world that my  
darling must bear.  
Even so, and so only.  
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## "The Blessing of Rest"

From my sunny south window, in  
all directions can be seen bits of  
beautiful landscape, jeweled here  
and there with walls of wood or  
brick or stone—the home-nests of  
the suburban world, burnished by  
the summer sunshine into seeming  
golden palaces hung amid the tossing  
tree-tops. When the evening shad-  
ows fall, glintings of home-lights  
flash out from many a leafy covert,  
and from many homes unseen by  
daylight, the shadows of the night-  
fall bring out rays of star-like bril-  
liancy. Over the leafy walls I often  
look, wondering what lies beyond the  
far-away hills, and many a picture  
of the probable and the possible hang  
on the walls of vagrant fancy. So,  
one day, I went out into the un-  
known, seeking the solution of the  
haunting problem, and I found—

O'er the hill, a little white-walled  
chapel and a silent city, a peaceful  
spot where the weary are at rest,  
and where the world's turmoil does  
not come. A peaceful, undisturbed  
spot amid the cool country airs and  
sweet, unchallenged sunshine; where  
the changing seasons come and go,  
each laying its tribute on the lowly  
mounds which mark the silent rest-  
ing places of something that we have  
loved and laid away. On this side,  
lies the great, groaning world, with  
its toil, unrest and temptation; on  
that—peace and rest from all earth's  
tiresome things. "Over the hill" we  
look with wistful eyes when, con-

quered by some cruel fate, or crushed  
by some bitter discouragement, we  
feel the iron of the world within our  
souls. "Over the hill," when some  
lesson of life has left us helpless  
and hopeless, and robbed us of all  
the little strength and courage our  
struggles have left us. "Over the  
hill," we see the glimmer of the  
crown, shining above the marble  
memorial and we recall, with a peace  
that passeth understanding, that  
when the night shadows fall too heav-  
ily for longer toil, the dear Lord  
giveth his children rest and sleep,  
on the other side of the "low green  
curtain that never outward swings."

## Looking Above

These beautiful evenings, when  
we are forced out of the house by  
the oven-like heat, may be made  
most wonderfully entertaining, and  
add greatly to our knowledge of the  
worlds about us, if we cultivate an  
acquaintance with the heavenly  
bodies through a good telescope, or  
even a good field glass. How very  
few of us know that the great plan-  
ets are accompanied by satellites—  
moons, not only one, but many, and  
these little moons are clearly to be  
seen through the aid of the glass.  
To thousands of people, the stars  
are but mere specks of light hung,  
they wot not where or how, in the  
depths of the heavens. They seldom  
lift their eyes to the "beauty of the  
heavens," nor can they give a name  
to more than half a dozen of the  
most brilliant, if even so many. The  
"constellations" are myths to them,  
and few of them could be outlined or  
located by the chance observer. Yet  
to one who has even a school boy's  
knowledge of astronomy, and the  
smallest thread of sentiment in his  
soul, the star-studded heavens is one  
of the sublimest of all spectacles. It  
is the only one which can give even  
a glimpse of the vastness of the In-  
finite and Eternal. "What is man,  
that Thou art mindful of him," is  
the cry of the forgotten poet, as he  
considers the glories of the heavens.  
Even a good opera glass will greatly  
multiply the number of visible stars  
in any group. Taking the little  
group we call the Pleiades, with its  
six visible stars, a good opera glass  
will multiply the number many times,  
while a most powerful instrument  
will bring into view several thou-  
sands. Sixty or more of these sur-  
pass our sun in splendor, one of  
them being a thousand times more  
brilliant. Astronomers calculate that  
this constellation has a diameter of  
more than 40,000,000,000 miles. So  
far away from us are the Pleiades  
that, if our sun were there, it would  
hardly be visible through the opera  
glass that shows us nearly a hundred  
new stars in the group—a group that  
compared to which our own solar  
system is scarcely more than a cele-  
stial toy. Will you not study the  
stars these nights?

## For the Hot Days

We are tired of the cooking and  
cleaning, the washing and bleaching  
and ironing; the sight of the pots,  
pans and kettles fills us with dis-  
gust, and the thought of the sewing  
machine gets onto our nerves. The  
work of canning, pickling and pre-  
serving literally "ads fuel to the  
flame," and nothing seems so desir-  
able as just to turn off the gas, cool  
the coal range, stuff the perishable  
things in the ice chest, shut up the

house and betake ourselves to the  
cool green woods and purling wa-  
ters. The thought of mountains,  
lakeside, rivers and seashore gives  
us a veritable headache of longing,  
but one glance at our pocket book  
shows us how very impractical such  
longings are. What may we do to  
rest our minds and bodies these hot,  
irritating days?

Now, do you ever try to realize  
that a "tour of the world" or of  
any given part of the continent, is  
not such an impossibility, if we only  
go about it in earnest? In many  
cases, we need not go far from our  
own domicile in order to know a  
great deal about a great many places.  
If you have a town or village li-  
brary, there are always books of  
travel which can be borrowed; the  
advertisements of the great railways  
and steamship lines are to be had  
for the asking, and many of their  
booklets are veritable storehouses of  
knowledge. Their descriptions are  
made clear by both print and picture,  
and are accurate, because they have  
to be, even though they present only  
the alluring side. The study of these  
books of travel may be a family af-  
fair, or you can take the trip alone.  
It is very interesting, and if you  
put in only an hour or two a day,  
pouring over them, together with a  
good map—which is generally fur-  
nished among the advertising matter,  
you will get a very clear idea of the  
"lay of the land," from which knowl-  
edge you can converse very intelli-  
gently and understandingly with  
your friends who have made the trip  
in person. Try this, if you can do  
no better, and if you find some day  
that you really can take the trip,  
the knowledge will be of great ser-  
vice to you in many ways.

## A Profitable Vacation

Mrs. G., of Illinois, says: "Tell  
our women readers to make ready  
to attend the state fair, and take as  
many of the family with you as you  
can manage. The county fair should  
not be impossible for the whole fam-  
ily, but if you have to be at much  
expense for the trip to the state fair,  
there must be discrimination. Yet  
it could be accomplished without so  
very great cost, if you would try the  
old-fashioned way of traveling with  
your own conveyance. If you can  
not afford an automobile, take the  
big farm wagon. Get a stout cover  
for it, and if you have to make it  
up at home, make it serviceable. A  
good canvas cover will last many  
seasons, if you take care of it and  
keep it for the one purpose of pleas-  
ure. Take whatever you need (mind,  
I say 'need') to sleep on, and a big  
box of substantial provisions, with  
the air-spaces filled in with 'goodies.'  
A small alcohol stove, that will an-  
swer every purpose, can be had for  
from two to five dollars, and this  
like the canvas cover, if taken care  
of, is a good investment—you will  
find it 'available' for many days and  
seasons. Take a 'fireless cooker' with  
it. Wear serviceable clothing, and  
take only that kind with you. Leave  
the fancy suits at home. Take toilet  
articles—wash hand basin, wash  
cloths, soap, towels, combs, hair-  
brush and mirror, and it would not  
be a waste of energy to slip in the  
clothes brush and the shoe-blackening  
outfit. Do not wear new, unbroken  
shoes! Go, expecting to enjoy your-  
self, and to make the trip enjoyable  
to others. You will find plenty of  
company there, sensible men and

women, who combine profit with  
pleasure, and many of these sensible  
people will go in their own convey-  
ances. Begin now to plan, and plan  
closely and wisely. If you can stay  
but a day—two days—go, and go de-  
termined to get all the good possible  
out of the trip. Teach the young  
folks that part of the responsibility  
of the trip must rest in their hands,  
and don't take mother along just  
because she will 'come handy' about  
meal-time."

## Reminders

Whatever you do, whether you  
stay at home, or go away on a camp-  
ing expedition, do not neglect the  
fireless cooker. If you can not af-  
ford the manufactured article, try  
the home-made one. Even the crude  
home-made affair should convince  
you, if you give it a fair trial, that  
the principle on which they are run  
is right and a money as well as time  
and strength saver. There are sev-  
eral makes which claim to bake, and  
responsible writers and editors as-  
sure us that they do what they  
claim. The use of a cooker in ex-  
pert hands, such as any housewife  
may become with practice, will not  
only give better meals, but will les-  
sen the fuel bill and give the house-  
wife the rest she needs.

The principle on which the baking  
is done is something like that of the  
old-time baking oven which our  
mothers set over a bed of coals, and  
then covered the lid with coals to  
cook the top of the contents. Two  
plates are heated very hot, one of  
them put into the bottom of the cook-  
er, the food set on it and covered  
with the other heated plate, the  
whole covered closely, and the bak-  
ing is well done. Such cookers cost  
about ten or twelve dollars, and have  
several other cooking vessels.

There is a cover which is to be fit-  
ted to the gas stove, and it is claimed  
that the cooking can be done much  
cheaper, several vessels set on the  
cover, kept cooking from the heat  
of one burner. With two burners  
going it is claimed that as many  
things can be cooked as can be crowd-  
ed on the top of the stove—just as  
is the case with the coal or wood  
range.

Denatured alcohol is the ordinary  
alcohol of commerce rendered unfit  
for drinking by the addition of some  
soluble substance, and it is claimed  
that this alcohol is a cheaper, clean-  
er, safer fuel and a better illuminant  
than coal oil, and for cooking is  
cheaper than coal.

## Echoes of the Panic

A report of the New York state  
board of charities shows that the  
increased cost to the state for the  
support of needy people since the be-  
ginning of the financial depression  
last fall, has been \$3,000,000. In  
New York City, during the year just  
passed, the number of persons com-  
mitted to public charitable institu-  
tions whose applications for relief  
were investigated, was double that  
of the preceding year. The state  
board removed 903 aliens to their  
homes in other states and countries,  
and in addition 2,420 persons com-  
mitted to New York City public  
charity institutions were examined  
but not removed for various causes.  
If it were possible to get statistics  
of those who suffered in silence,  
those who saw their savings of years  
slowly but surely dwindle away, and  
with them their hopes of a comfort-  
able nest egg for declining years,  
the cost of the panic would add a  
good many millions more.—Ex.

## Some Tried Recipes

If rice is cooked in the usual way  
—in a double boiler with slow cook-  
ing, it will become a pasty mass.  
Try this way: Wash and clean and